

JUVENILE RAMBLES.

How these pretty birds should find their way over desert tracts of land, and wide and extensive oceans, is wonderful indeed, and must contribute to raise your wonder and admiration at the goodness of God, who is their guide and protector, and imprints on the mind of each bird a particular method, and such notions as are suitable to its nature.

I shall, my pretty dears, mention only one more kind of birds, and that is what they call *Night Birds*, who alone profess their utmost horror and detestation of the light: they avoid it as their greatest enemy, and while it cheers and enlivens all nature besides, they hide themselves in the most gloomy caverns. They wait with impatience for the return of darkness, that they may steal out of their lonesome prisons, in which the hated day-light had confined them, and then they testify their joy by the most hideous screams.

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JUVENILE RAMBLES. 121

Their very form has something in it wild, frightful, solemn, and gloomy, as the owl and bat, and they have an aversion to every other living creature. The generality of them have crooked bills and short talons, out of which their prey, once seized, can never escape.

Those hours of darkness, which were designed for slumber, and the refreshment of nature, are employed by them in surprising other birds that are unguarded and asleep. It is with difficulty that the most vigilant avoid them, but the unguarded are their certain prey.

I have already told you, my little dears, that the owl is useful to destroy mice and other vermin in barns, and it is not to be doubted, that God has assigned some particular use to each of these night birds. But see your papa is beckoning us in to breakfast.

R A M-